THE AMERICAN WATER COLOR SOCIETY.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of the American Water Color Society will be opened to the public to-morrow at the National Academy, Yesterday's private view was afforded to invited persons, selected chiefly with reference to their ability and supposed disposition to buy pie tures, but embracing at the same time a very large number of those otherwise interested in These guests were apparently chosen with discretion, for at the close of last evening's reception there were several frames in each room marked sold,

All of the gatteries at the National Academy with the exception of the south room, are filled, The collection contains about 800 pictures, and the entire number and in to the Hanging Committee was nearly 1,300, a fact that indicates an extraordinarily rap a growth in this particular branch of art. The pictures themselves condruthis impression by their quality no less than by their number. Although a much larger collection than that of last year, it does not in slude haif as many indifferent works, and of the 500 which the Hanging Committee, from various motives, preferred to return, a large proportion was above the average of merit of last

rear's corridor. The arrangement of the galleries is excellent and the corridor itself has a distinction im parted to it that is highly agreeable. Mr. J. C. Nicoli has wrought upon it with decorative stoffs and plants until it has become a place of beauty instead of a refuge of artistic sinners. Its whole effect is such that the pain of having one's mastern oce hung in it is greatly mitigated. The catalogue of 1830 was a valuable work of art, but that of 1881 is still better. The drawlags it contains are for the most part exsellent, and have a distinctness of character that they did not pressess when our artists were less skilled in drawing in black and white for the reproductive process.

Regarded as a whole, the Water Color Society presents this year the most interesting, atractive, and generally meritorious collection of pictures that has ever been seen in the National Academy. It is full of pleasing color. of variety of auriest, of originality of design, of greeable fancy, or technical acquirement, and of American quality. In style, as dependent gron method, it is comprehensive. Between Mr. J. F. Carrier and the dainty lady of the flower pieces in the corridor all forms and methods of water co or are comprised. Large treatment of the flaure is alone lacking to give weight and importance to this display, and that is semothing that is not to be expected in water color, at least not at present.

All who follow the yearly exhibitions of the society will easily recall a wild Munich-American comet that projected itself two years ago into our peaceful water-color system, with a train of astounding pic-tures. All the heavenly bodies, including Mr. Colman, Mr. Tiffany, and the other spostles of the opeque, were disturbed. Some of them were swaved from their orbits completely, some vaciliated only temporarily but all were more or loss affected. Mr. Currier's pictures undoubtedly made a sensation, and the exhibition at which they appeared was th most disputations in the society's history. They were hung side by side with elaborate, brilliant, and effective pictures, painted throughout in solld body color, and while they were incoberent, meaningless, and in some sense preposterous exploits, at the same time they possessed a quality of their own that commended them at once. They opposed to the dead, sunken enamel of the former, pure, transparent color, vitalized by the grain of the paper and full of delicate and fortuitous gradations of tone. The one was a true aquarelle; the other was a well-intended scheme, frustrated by a false method. Mr. Currier had his effect; last year's exhibition had more pure color in it than all the preceding ones, and in the present display the opaque method is in a hopeless mi-

Two years having elapsed, Mr. Currier has completed his aphelion and has swished back o the Academy with a larger tail than ever. He is all over the galleries and chiefly over the ors, which last is both unfair and unkind. Mr. Currier is one of the most interesting satures of the exhibition, and is worth his weight in gold, if only for the delightful row it is sure to be kicked up over his work. The Hanging Committee might easily have put him on the secondary line in one or two instances. but to sky all his contributions was not decent, and showed a lamentable want of gratitude. Few pictures will attract more attention than his, and people will be amused at the sober reflections of them that they will discern in some of the best pictures that are in the exhibition. Besides, if the Hanging Committee and any gradge against him, the way to gratily it was to put Mr. Currier where people could look closely into him and get augry-not hoist him up to places so remote that his works look a great deal better than they really are. Without referring to Mr. Currier's titles for them, they readily introduce themselves as " A Daynata. tion in Carmine," a " Prejude in Burn: Umber," a"Schlummerlied in Gray Green," a "Phan-tary in Bituminous Gloom," an "Abstraction in Blue Mu4," and "Phinas," They are put at the modest figure of \$150 each, and they are worth a great deal more, to artists. They are a tonic of great virtue. Mr. Colman bought one two years ago and took it. He has not been the same arrist since, and he never presented as good work as he does this year. His principal pleture in the east room is as charming and as well-considered a piece of color as one might destra to see.

Mr. Currier is not alone. He has apparently brought with him Mr. F. W. Freer, another Munich-American, who contributes a study of a girl's head and three sketches confined in a lingle frame of the lower tranks of beech trees. All have excellent qualities, and they commenhamselves at once for their boldness and freedom, their purity of tone, and the entire uncon-Ventionalny of their treatment.

Mr. Winslow Homer has spent two or three Years, peruaps more, in accoring to himself the affectionate interest of every lover of the genuing out-of-door work of our American landstane palaters. The breezy freshness and Wholesomeness of his shapherdesses, his country means, and his bright-eyed children of the fields and hillsides have made the despect impression. Ensuing as they did after many years of different performance. and being distinctly natural, unaffected, and original, they excited no little expectation of what was to come. This expectation Mr. Homer has gratified by retiring wholly within himself and refusing, from that grim and misanthropical semission, to afford any ex-planation. The contributions that he sends to this exhibition are almost as eccentric as those of Mr. Currier, and for the most part have had severe justice meted out to them by the Spar-lans on the Hanging Committee. It is a disappointment; but he is worth the waiting for.

Mr. denry Parrer was contributed a fine study of shipping an i river view, which occupies the place of noner in the north room. It is lumi-tions in color, and treated with great delicacy and corminty of effect,

One of the marked successes of the collection. h some respons the most notable water color crican actist that has been exhibited at the Academy, is Robert Blum's "Venetian Beadstringers" (No. 849). This is the most ambitions work of his that has been presented, and Risof singular merit. The color is rich and Imaginative, full of subtle barmony and happy audacities of touch, while the general treatment, the drawing, the composition, the entire arrangement of the material of the picture, are such as to make of it a very complete and masterly performance. There are a number of fugitive Venetian studies by the same artist scattered about. They are all strongly characterked, fantastic but pleasing in their treatment,

and highly effective. Mr. A. T. Bricher is an industrious exhibitor. whose pursuit of woman as an integral part of every American landscape has become a serious matter. No landscape, however it appear

Girl, fashionably attired. At every point on the leademy walls one comes tace to face with the American landscape and the girl of fashion, all painted with punctillous honesty and elaborate parefulness-as to the landscape, with good effect of color, of composition, and of atmosphere; as to the Girl, with unswerving fidelity to the smallest dicts of the milliner. What does Mr. Bricher mean? Is he doing pensage for his slus? One girl, or even two, in an occasional landscape would not excite remark, but this perpetual Girl in this endless iteration of summer is wearing to the intellect. Besides, Mr. Bricher cannot hope ever to paint clocks like Simoni. That is the particular art of the Hispano-Roman school. They all rovel in clocks, particularly yellow clocks or a black silk, semi-transparent ground. Mr. James Symington might make a note to the same effect, addicted as he is to plain unembroidered white. He exhibits this year mu better work than ever before, more purposeful. purer, and more transparent of color, and gen erally more agreeable in respect of choice o

Another artist for whom the modern young person, unclassical of attire but wholly fascinating of person, possesses a deep artistic charm, is Mr. E. Durand. His picture of a roung lady (No. 554) doing up her back hair while sitting on a fence is prettily treated, as eminently becomes the subject. On a tablet affixed to the frame are these lines, author not mentioned: he punted above the broken | Dear girt, God grant no broken

To leash her misplaced hair :
The girlish face to its pecuatre
week
Week sweet and pushing fair.

Can never be replaced again.

Mr. Tiffany does not show much this year nor is there great hope of Mr. Tiffany for some ime to come. In respect of the decoration of new American palaces, we are entering upon an age of remarkable luxury, and Mr. Tiffans is in such demand for ceilings, cornices, panels and the like, that he has little time left for pictures. Mr. St. Gaudens, too, who is a clever sculptor, is said to have been similarly absorbed, and to be even now torturing the refractory wood of a millionaire's staircases.

Some of the most thoughtful and effective landscape work in the exhibition, that of Mr. B. Swain Gifford, Mr. T. Moran, Mr. Arthur Quartiey, Mr. Shurtleff, Mr. H. P. Smith, Mr. yount, Mr. Bruce Crane, Mr. McCord, Mr. H. B. Jones, and of one or two others, can be considered later, together with one or two members of the new Brittany contingent, notably Mr. T. Hovenden and Mr. Frank C. Jones, both of whom have sent admirable contributions.

## A CIRCUS FOR THE TROPICS.

How the Artists of the Sawdast Pass the Winter Months. The steamer Nankin, that sailed from this

port for Vera Cruz a few days ago, had in its property belonging to the Ocrin Brothers, who are going to give the Mexicans a taste of American circus this winter. The Orrin brothers used to be well known in this city as acrobats. Their last appearance here was at Booth's Theatre, when they were with George Fox, and when he, too, made his last appearance on any stage. After the night in which he broke over all bounds of stage propriety, threw a loaf of bread at some ladies in a prosesnium of bread at some ladies in a proceed box, and otherwise deported himself that he was forcibly taken from the stage, went to an asyjum for the insane. The Or brothers left the singe and became manar For four years they have been e-inducting a cas in Hayans, and have succeeded. One them, G. W., has just satisf for the South, fore going he kave some interesting inforcition about Southern amusements. When quit the Fox Humbty Dumpty slow, said we tried our land at managing, and the we tried our land at managing, and the result is that we have given up tumbing altogether except at an occasional benefit performance. There's more money in managing. In Havana we have a circus, theatre, and garden combined. Here's one of our bills." It was an ordinary vellow handbill adorned with equestions of the combined of the circus. combined. Here's one of our bills." It was an ordinary yellow handbill adorned with equestrian cuts, conspicuous among watch was one of a young woman in tights, clinging to a borse, which was leaping through a flaming hoop. It was a familiar-looking bill, and so were the names upon it; but it was in Spanjah. It was headed, Gran Circo, Teatro, Cale v Jardin Metropolitano de has Hermanos Orrin v Ca." and went on to speak of "La Gran Compania Russerto de loe Estados Unidos, presentando loe Mejores Equitadores, Gimnasticos, Acrobaticos y Volteadores delmundo." All this had a familiar sound, despite the sounding Spanjah. Then followed names not unknown to circusgoers here. Miss Linda Jeal, the queen of the "fiery hoop;" Miss Lizzia Marcelina, the Butdwin brothers, George Loval, the Kenneusbrothers, and Will Stowe, the clown. All of these have been seen with shows here for years. "We are a little late this year," said Mr. Orrin, "In starting our circus, but that is owing to the delay in our building, We are having a fine circus and theatre building erected in Havans. It ought to have been done three months ago, but they're slow down thers. So we are scoing to take a flexican trin. I have already sent a lot of stuff to Vera Cruz, My breater Education to the beauting to the delay in our building. ed in Havana. It ought to have been done three months ago, but they're slow down there. So we are going to take a dexican trip. I have already sent a lot of stuff to Vera Cruz. My beother Ed, who has been in Havana all summer, will join us there with the horses and some of the people, and the rest of us will go on the 18th. We shall open in Vera Cruz on the 18th. We shall open in Vera Cruz on the 18th. We shall open in Vera Cruz on the 38th of 18th of this month, and thengo by rail up to the city of Mexico, storping on the way to show at Puebla and Orizaba. We'll get back to Havana in March and open our new outling. No, I can't tell you the names of the people who go with me now. There are a good many that are on the bill there, and others who don't want their names known. We don't have any difficulty in getting first-class performers to go down for the winter, contracting to bring them back here in time for the summer business in the States. In that way they are busy all the year round, and that's weat they want. There's no use trying to paim off foor performers on the Cubans. They are very critical, what they want is a performance with plenty of dash in it, good riding, tumbing, and feats of skill and strength. They don't sere for fan partendarly. So we want what we call 'kno's allout' clows, men who can be funny without taking. I never saw a good Spanish clown. They don't seem to have any fun in them. The Kennebel Brothers tell Spanish we'll, and always is ring master. So we rive thom all the talk they want. But, as I said, they don't want much. They want action."

"How are prices?"

I said, they don't want much. They want action.

"How are prices?"

About the same as here for first-class theatres. Three dollars in paper for the best seats. St for a box, and \$1.50 for entrance to them: \$1 for the poorer seats for whites, and 75 cents for neuroes. Divide these prices by two and you have them in our money. Our lest seats are the or the prices are into the or closer claim in our theatres here. We have besides the regular circus performance a varioty theatre, with regular stars and scenery, and besides this a rate and garden, all under one canvas, for our building is covered with carras. Yes, we make money. We have taken down there a good many shows, besides our regular circus troupe. Among them were the Berger family, concertists; Comp's brough horses, one Italian Juvenile Opera Company, the Orran Brothers Universit Combination, the Carlo Brothers Crips, Howes and Cushing's Circus, and the Spanist Zerzuelia Comedy Company. There's no reason why there should not be a circus there the year around hut we can't keep our peonic. They don't want to stay there has been there all summer, and enjoyed it."

The Life of a Huster Seved by his Dog.

# The Life of a Hunter Saved by his Dog.

The Life of a Heater Saved by his Dog.

Prom the Heater Saved by his Dog.

Prom the Heater Saved by his Dog.

Herman Hutter and Charles Whitman of Missoulia armed with rifles and accompanied by a deer round, the other day went up the Hattershake liver in quest of game. They climbed the monitains to the left of the stream and separated, taking opposite sides of the ridge, in the Lopes of bagging a dear. Whitman came down the Battleshake side and seen after separating from the companion he silipped and fell, siding some 200 feet down the monitain side. He vainly endeavored to stop himself by digging into the snow with his hands and feet, and clutching at brush and saptings, ind just as he was about to be precipitated over the cliff into the Battleshake, some forty feet below, he classed a strong sapting with one hand, and was left danging in the air over the precipice. By a strong effort he classed the sapting with the discordance of hand, awaited his inextinable fall with desperation. The hound, seeing his master fall, followed him to the edge of the cliff and whined piteously at the predicament of his master. Suddenly he dashed off over the hiff and disappeared. When nearly exhausted, Whitman heard his companion, Hutter, above him, coming to his assistance. He gathered renewed courage, and held on desperating the free for the dog came upon him and select him and the dog ran off, Repeating the strange manentye, Hutter suspected something wrong, and followed the dog to Whitman's rescue.

endowed by nature with beauty of color, with agreeableness of contour, and with pleasing detail of form, at all satisfies Mr. Bricher's artistic cavings unless it contains conspicuously a Nice

A FEAST OF ALL THE SENSES.

Unalloyed pleasure has been sought in vain by men of every age. "No rose without a thorn" has its corresponding proverb in the language of every country. The unthinking accept this principle as an unalterable necessity of life; the truly philosophic, by investigation and analysis, should seek the cause, and, discovering the cause, should devise the remedy. In the case of the rose and the thorn, the trouble is that two inharmonious sensations commingle. The delicious odor of the rose is met at the nerve centres by the pain from the in-cautious finger. The pleasure is not unalloyed. But let us suggest to great contemporary intellects a new line of thought, investigation, discovery, invention, and action, leading, possibly, to a realization of what the unphilosophic and unprogressive now hold to be impossible. It has long been known that all sound is vibration. Each tone of the musical scale has its own length of wave and velocity of vibration. So, also, is each color of the spectrum a mere vibration, with its own length of wave and rate of velocity, although many times more rapid than the vibrations which produce sound. That the less cultivated-scientifically speakingsenses of smell and taste are also responsive to appropriate vibrations cannot now be said to be truth established by science. The known facts, however, point that way,

It is strange that so little attention is given to the laws governing the sense of inste. Otherwise careful writers not infrequently refer to the tongue or to the palate as the organ of taste. This is like attributing the affections to the organ of the circulation of the blood. A very slight experiment will convince the reader. Let him take an object of which the taste is familiar, but not too pungent, and place the same in the open mouth upon the tongue. A slight sensation only will be perceived. Renove the object and allow the slight sensation to pass away; then press the object to the roof of the mouth, not touching it with the tongue. Again only a slight sensation can be noticed. Now place the same object upon the tongue and pressit against the roof of the mouth in such manner that full contact with both the tongue and the roof of the mouth is secured. It will at once be perceived that physical properties of the object are developing, analogous to the development of electricity in a galvanic pile of sulting impression upon the sense of taste is far greater and many times more than double the faint impressions previously produced through the tongue and the roof of the mouth separately.

This little experiment does not prove, to the degree of absolute demonstration, that taste resuits from vibration, but it indicates the probability of that theory. It should not be forgotten that the vibratory theory of light was announced as probable many years before it could be fully demonstrated. Many years of patient study may be required to demonstrate the great truth that here again Nature is uniform, and that impressions upon any and all the senses are produced by vibration alone—each vibration being appropriate to the sense concerned.

A practical utilization of this grand principle of uniformity will enable us to control and regulate the sources of sensation, preventing the jarring interferences now common, and causng the senses to cooperate toward an harmonious result. Such cooperation of impressions might be called the concord of the senses, or

methetic harmony.

There can be no confusion of language from this general application of a term hitherto used in respect to a single sense, that of hearing. Harmony and melody are in reality but the laws of proportion. They govern one kind of vibration as well as another. Prof. Elisha Gray long ago seized on this truth and practically applied it in his Harmonic Telegraph system. Mr. Edison's experiments at Menio Park in 1879, when he tried to send through his sensitive chalk telephone the odors of assafoxida, bi-sulphide of carbon, and other objects giving forth strong scents, were not equally successful. But we have already in the electric light the cooperation of the vibrations of electricity and light, in the telephone the cooperation of those of electricity and sound, and in the wonderful photophone the concerted action of all three. On the full adaptation of the principle to prac-

tical life we may conflicatly rely. The various avstoms of vibrations affecting the different senses will ultimately be mensured. The rates of vibration pertaining to odors and taste will all be noted, classified, and arranged in their proper order, thus establishing a Materia Æsthetica on the plan of that monument of human industry and wisdom, the Materia Medica. As the latter contains an accurate statement of the nature, varieties, and medical properties of a vast number of objects used in medicine, so the former would record the kind and character of several impressions

produced by the things enumerated. From the elevated plateau of knowledge thus acquired the practical control and regulation of the senses would be only a matter of detail. Unalloyed sensations could be secured, each of the senses being supplied from the proper sources and attuned with all the others. The nervous system itself would vibrate with the harmonious sensations of delight thus produced. The nervous disorders now common, so largely due to discordant sensations, would rapidly disappear.

Pancy a symposium of scientific men under the new methetic system! Bidden to a feast of all the senses, the guests would sit around the board, or recline in the attitude of ancient banqueters. Soft strains of music would delight their cars and furnish the theme of the truly harmonious entertainment. The tones which in their order form the melody of sound, trans-lated into numerals, according to their true rate of vibration, and increased by the proper multiple, would give flaures translatable into colors and shades. These, displayed in the proportions of the musical harmony and melo-

multiple, would give figures translatable into colors and shades. These, displayed in the proportions of the musical harmony and melody upon an arras before the eyes of the philosophers, would unite the vision to the music. The arras would be displayed in perfect time with the music by the faminar arrangement of the panarama. A gentle spray of perfumed inquit, the odors of which corresponded in visitation and proportion with the music, would gratily the offactories of the scientific men. A current of observery would be made to pass through each philosopher, from crown to too, its waves controlled by a modification of Gray's Harmonic Telegraph, and fitted to the music. This would altitude the sense of feeling to the other scores.

By these means four of the five senses would be gradified simplianceusly with pure laxury. The remaining sense of taste, so intimately associated with the preservation of life by the supply of waste tissue, need not be neglected. It may be made to contribute to the grand result. Not indeed, with the cross, semi-barbarous material hitherto used for feasts—moribund ovsters and clams, vapering soups, joints of domestic animals in their undisguised anatomism form discess and hords except as superiors. In the right attitudes of death, vegetables raw or coaked whole to show their earthly origin—such ologeds as these could not fail to distract the sight or smell and throw discord into the whole swapphonic feast?

But the necessaties of life and digestion do not require that food shall be presented in these olanxions forms. The experience of the Prussian army in 1870 demonstrated that the material of food, animal and vegetable, could be compacted into what he rates of vibration producing the sensations proper to various kinds of food, a sausage could be prepared that would give these vibrations proper rate of speed so as to secure for each planting, but exercise would be recibed might be necessary to insure existing attention of the sense. The senses the proper rate of speeds of as to secure f senses, though expensive to the original pro-ducers, could be put within the reach of every-body, on the simple principle of a telephons exchange, by the transmission of vibrations to all autheribers. What prodigious possibilities!

POETRY OF THE PERIOD,

Et Tu. Berghet And art thou, Bergh, so firmly set Against demestic strife, As to correct with stripes the man Who disciplines his wife ! Each action doth not of the creed Appear the normal fruit; Then should st befriend a being who Behaves so like a brute! The Callant Onld Guard. Come listen, one and all, whether tall, short, or small While I give we information of the gallant Ould Guard!

Och, where's the boys that run, when there's fun to be In the snappln' of a gun, like the gailant Ould Guard? For a holiday excursion, sure they have no great aversion, And it's they that makes diversion for the boys, pray

take my word; With coats so white, and guns so bright, and hearts so light, all ripe for fight; pop! they're the boys for glory, are the gallant Ould Guardi

Och! 'tis swate to see them march, stiff as starch, straight as larch, And though the sun may parch, they're the gallant Ould Guardi And 'tis mayther sun nor rain can them tame, all the

same. For of sogers they're the crame, that same gallant Ould Sure they're giver known to waver, not a demi-semiquaver; Sure there's nobody's no braver, be placed to take my

The drum it tape, they doff their caps, and quaff thes schnapus; whoop, they're the chapst Och! they're the chaps for glory, are the gallant Ould

New fill your glasses high, for you're dry, I descry, And this shall be the cry, "To the gallant Ould Guard!" And the folks shall niver say, on the day of the fray, That the boys that were away were the gallant Ould Guardt For anye the gallant Major, Och! the jolly foine ould

stager, Your ducats you can wager, he'll be there to give the The fee is here! Now, boys, one cheer, from front to rear. Hurrah, charge! The field is clear! And they re the boys to do it, is the gallant Oold Guard!

On Getting Kissed.

From the Courier-Journal. You kneed mo! and this life at once seemed to die: My sont, winged with transport, source up to the aky, in clouds of high ranshows at A sets along. White seching we found in thankerting song. But a moment it is cled, and yet! I whend give

Oh! thus to be kissed is a joy most supreme—
I never fett one like it except in a dresin;
And then I awake and sound, but in value.
With my heart all to it do not to dream it askin.
The glance tout you gave me seemed almost divine,
The touch of your such balt, minarily divit mining. The teach of your soft hair, entanted with mine.
Thrilled through my whole being, according in bliss
That moment of rapture produced by the kiss. The dew of your kiss as it wedled my own,

My proud tips blushed red as they felf themselves kissed, And a suth, been in raphing, was drawfiled in the mist. That rese from the founding of , or may breast, Whose fond runnar relied suffs on 1 Hought to rest, while memory inscribed on her tablets by a ye-

### At that Mattace.

Prose the San Feminion Nois Letter, She night have been benker's daughter, With millions of the volume With millions of the yellow are;
She might have been, as I've since thought her,
A shapart in a dular store;
An herreas or a antie provider.
Which of the two I can ot say;
I only know I ast beside her
That Natinos.

Brown-haired, white throated, liles kidded; clim waist, close chaped in violet site.

Bine eyes, longuashed and highladed,
And beth like ivery libration milk.
Two lips, red-ripe, dew-see, which thrilled me
Responsive to their waying play.
Ny gracious met how dead sic killed me,
That Matione.

And when between the acts, quick meeting,
The orchestra breathed music's boot.
Her ittle host in rhythmic besing,
Kept dainty time to every time.
Oh, my offence it raint, and rankle
Within my bosom 't will far aye;
I tried but inited to see her make.
That Mattoes.

The curtain fell, and unattended.
I watched her as she tripped along.
Until at least her deters hended.
Far distant, with the hurrying throng.
All's done; but one recert still lingers:
We always knew, too late, the way;
I think I should have pressed her fingers
That Maunes.

# A Modern Ballad of Yarrow.

Fran Good Worls The almmer day was sweet an lang, it had use thecht of sorrow, As my true love and I stend on The bounte banks of Yarrow.

I fook her han' in mine, and said,,
"Neo emple, my wins ane marrow;
The next lime that we come again
You'll be my bride on Yarrow."

A tear aloss in her awest blue on, An sai she sighed in sorrow, "I dinns the the work that rins

"It soun's like some and dirge of wae,
It chills my bosom thorough,
An't makes one creen close to your aide;
Oh, I dima like your Yarrow.

"For aye I think on the was an' dule That sold, and same brince over men An' ave I see that bladdy lecht. An' the dead, deid men afore me."

I clasped my true love in my arms, I kissed her sweet lips the rough, Her breast lay saft against my aln, On the bonne banks of Yarrow. "A tear is in your sweet blue ee, A tear that speaks o' sadness, Now what should dim ste happy hus, This semmer day o' gladness?

"The Yarrow rins in' fresh an' sweet, The h ht shines bright and clearly. An' way should ac end thought be our Wha to'c saith ther dearly?

The Yarrow rins, an' as it rins From that audi sang that 's lar awa', When I 'm wi thee on Yarrow."

I pu'd a daisy at my feet, A daisy sweet and bannie, I put it in my true love's breast, For she was fair as ony. But are she sighed, and are she said. Oh, tak' awa' your boome flower, For, see, it grew on Yarrow.

"The blant still dyes its crimson tips, It speaks or dole and sadness, An'the dold that hay on the gowany bras, An' woman's walling madicess."

I took the daisy fear her breast. I fling it into Yarrow, An' doon the strain wi heavy heart. I cam' wi' my sweet marrow.

O singuer months hoo swift ye flow, W! s' y our bloom an' bloss ou! O Beath, boo wast, was thy touch That took for to thy bosom!

For my true love, she aweet an' fair, Low in her grave one narrow. An' in my heart is that evric moon the heart that day to Varrow.

# FUGILIFE PANCIES.

Knitting. At her window she is sitting, Little busy bright coquette, She is sitting, knilling, knilling, Ever at a solitle net

Weaving in it laughter, blushes, And delicious node and smiles, Tonce as nort as codes of thrushes, And a thousand nameless wiles

Take pare my bewitching neighbor, Take care that you do not get, At the end of all your labor, Tangled in your subtle net.

# Selfishness.

When icides hang from the tree, And winter winds drearily moan, There's green in some far away zone. But what is the knowledge of this,

This just of a far away zone? Dr. small scene another soul's bliss, When deep sorrow resgus to our own!

### The World's Choice. Ere he loved he sang of love-

Insuration of the brain-Nature breathes in every strain. When at length he dipped his pen

In the true blood of his heart, Singing of the love he felt, All the world admired his art.

# Alexis to Become Lord High Admiral.

From the London World. Next summer the Grand Duke Constantine will have completed his fitticth year of service, and his twenty-fifth year as Lord fligh Admiral. It is said that he will avail himself of this anniversary to resich that position of Lord fligh Admiral, and that the Grand Duke Alexis, the third son of the Emperor, will therupon be appointed Minister of Marine, in deference to the Grant Duke Constantine, the pest of Lord fligh Admiral not being filled up during his litetime. SLIDING DOWN HILL

tion, and remains standing beside e time, as if he wished to course. The big boys have not he has the whole field to his The Lively Contests with Bonbin Stippers they are Having to Connecticut. Nonwich, Jan. 20 .- Norwich is the consting paradise of New England. It has more nills out, at first very gently. It does not move, the kicks out again, this time with sufficient force to start it, and away he goes, his eyes staring wildly with a mingled expression of terror and delight. He renches the end of his journey in safety, and then the wild look disappears to make room for a broad grin that spreads itself all over his face. Up he goes again. He is in a hurry now. He does not wait to balance himself properly, but kicks out at once, and away he starts again. When about half way down he is capsized and rolled in the hardened snow. He picks himself up. His first thought is for the slot. He runs up to it, turns it over, examines the runners, tarns it back again to see if it is scratched and to examine the picture in the centre. He satisfies himself that overvithing is all right. Then he rolls up his trousers and examines his knees, and quickly conses to the conclusion that the damage is slight. Next he feels the lump on the back of his head. Finally he picks up his can, pulls it on with both fists, and starts up the hill again.

In Vanderbilt avenue there is a coasting track from Cifton Park down to the very water's edge, a distance of more than half a mile. This track is considered dangerous, and well it may be, for there is nothing to prevent a well-loaded sled from carrying its freight over the bulk head and into the water. Several parties made very good attempts to accomplish this feat last wook. than old Bome, and most of them are twice us steep. It is impossible to go twenty rods in aimost any direction in the old town without elimbing. Since the snowfall of Christmas week the city has been surrendered on every ovening soon after nightfall to the consters. After dark it has been perilous to walk the streets, and there have been accidents to men, women, boys, and horses without number. In the centre of the city Broadway bill has been the most generally used. On the west side Elizabeth and High streets have been the favorite descents; on the south side Whittaker hill, bordered by woods, and abrupt as the roof of a Gothia cottage, has been a resort; "up town" and Greenville, suburban villages, have each widely used "slides. On the various hills around Norwich a spectator counted one evening last week nearly 1,000 sleds of every description, from the long pickerel double ripper to the small boy's tip-up and the home-made miniature rip-At the foot of Broadway hill is a large square, flanked by public buildings, Six streets open upon this square, and three of the streets are precipitous bilis. Down these descents dashed for hours from one to three hundred sleds. All passed across the square at

lightning speed, and few pedestrians were bold

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the passengers on the trial trip, on Wednesday evening, said to the writer that it was his first experience, and would be his last. It was a perfectly still night," said he. "The hill descends steep, you know, atfirst, for about fifteen rods. As we began to descend that pitch we seemed to be floating in the air. There was no sound, we moved so softly, I didn't think that we were going fast. But in an instant a perfect gale was blowing; the road was a white nist; there was no enstant buzz in my ears. I could't breathe; I knew when we reached the Preston village, which begins at the foot of the first descent, by the wall that was on one side of the road. That was all I could see; the rest was all a blank, a white mist. I never expected to reach the foot of the first descent in the hill alive. In a secont, almost, we began to slow up and it another I got off the sied for the lisst time." the last time."

Mr. Fiske is about 25 years of age, slight and athletic, and is the same the same transfer.

the last time."

Mr. Fiske is about 25 years of age, slight and athletic, and is the son of a well-known physician here. His sled was made in Providence, and he brought it with him when he moved here three or four years ago. Its great speed was never developed until a few years ago. It is called The Queen of Norwich. The connecting plank is of three-inch seasoned white oak. It is strong enough to supportfive tons, It is shod with five half round silver steel. Its cost was about \$50. It is the sled that was used in a disastrous contest with the double ripper of New London about this time of the month in 1877, and which was described at length in The Sun. Mr. Fiske steered his sled at that time and won the race without accident. The New London party, piloted by Mr. Fred Allon, were uniteky. From the start nearly to the slik mill, which is about half way down the course, the Norwich sled, which had started behind, steadily gained. At the mill the sleds were neck and neck, and here Mr. Allen, confused by the terrifle speed or on account of his unfamiliarity with the way, made a wrong movement with his foot, and the next instant the sled and its occupants were included against a lamp post and over the ground. All were picked up unconscious. Some of them lay at the point of death for days; sems were crippled for life. One man was partially disemboweited, and the leg of another was broken in two places. traily disembowelfed, and the leg of another was broken in two places.

### Consiting on States Island. There are several splendid coasting tracks

in the roads of Staten Island, and the residents enjoyed the sport thoroughly during the past week. As usual, it was carried on in the evonings and continued up to a late hour by boys and girls, young men and young women, and some middle-aged persons too.

Any one who wants evidence to show the

slight difference between grown persons and children has only to watch-the operations of a party of coasters out for the first time. They provide themselves with little bells and fish horns, estensibly to warn persons off the tracks, as if their shouts and screams would not be sufficient. Carsfully they fix themselves on the machine, which moves off slowly at first smill the tinkling of bells, the blowing of fish horns, and their noisy merriment. Its speed increases, their laughter diminishes. Soon it begins to run along with railroad speed. Anxiety, or comething skin to lear, if hat the genuine article, husbest the loud laughter, the hysterical acreams, and the wiid hourays. The bells and lish horns are forgotten. There is silence on board the sled. With a sort of muffled hum that is exercely adulting, if unbestored the sled, which has become a blend between show and frightened faces. A silent vote of want of confidence in "the man at the wheel" appears to have been polled. His eyes are starring wildly, and his mouth is half upon. Everybody to design the hill his mery identicate of the policy of the consters are to have been polled. His eyes no starring wildly, and his mouth is half upon. Everybody to design the hill his mery identicate of the policy of the start they all the was at home. In their hearts they all whistle down brakes, but there are no brakes to down. Mothing can be done but hang on and await developments. At last the end of the route is reached and the speed begins to sincken. The little boils and fish horns gradually resume their music; the shouts and laughter recommence, and the end of the route is reached and the souts and laughter recommence, and the end of the route is reached and the end of the route is reached and the souts and laughter recommence, and the end of the route is reached and the speed begins to sincken. The little boils and fish horns gradually resume their music; in the end of the route is reached and the speed begins to sincken. The little boils and fish horns gradually the speed begins to as if their shouts and screams would not be sufficient. Carefully they fix themselves on the

reaches the top of a hill, places the sled in Cauthously he creeps on his machine and kicks out, at first very gently. It does not move. He kicks out saint, this time with sufficient force to start it, and away he goes, his eves

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# The Czar's New Wife and her Eldest Son.

Prom the London World.

The eldest child of the Princess is at this

THE MAN WHO MAKES JEWSHARPS. Something About as Instrument that the Cov. erament Calls a Toy. There is a small and aged two-story

building in Greenwich avenue whose unpainted clapboards are brown and weather beaten. A few feet above the sidewalk is the picture of a gigantic jewsbarp, and below it the name "John Andrews," Going up a ricketty flight of stairs to the second story, a Sun reporter en-John Andrews, maker of jewsharps, surrounded by the implements of his art. For it is an art to make good harps, as Mr. Andrews will tell you. There are only two men in the United States, it is said, that can make thom, and there are those who say that Mr. Andrews himself is the only man who can be called rightly an artist in the business. He is a smooth-faced, slender man, with keen gray eyes and gray hair that curls upon his head, not at all unlike the hair in the portraits of Lord Byron. He is a plainspoken man and makes no pretence to know anything except his business, and that he pre-

in the sevening from all parts of the city. Miler big from became packed, and all eyes were bour. He had you had been such a marked bearing the such a marked bearing the such as for enough anead of the little payran has for enough anead of the little payran has for enough anead of the little would turn. Jake played his best and never fluohed at any stake that Miler offered, the best up about a peck of chaik, changed the best and the very fluohed at any stake that Miler offered, while a sea of the changelon. Detection the bolks as he would, Jake ran all his games out a few to ints ahead of the changelon. Detection the bolks as he would, Jake ran all his games out a few to ints ahead of the changelon. Detection the bolks as he would, Jake ran all his games out a few to ints ahead of the changelon. Detection the bolks as he would, Jake accepted the changelon. Detection the bolks were rearly exhausted. When play ocased Miler thail would be a match of 360 points of the control of the co

# Not at all Saldierilks.

From the Borone Oloba-Proceeds for the proceedings of the first state of

# Falling Half a Mile.

Calvin Bonham of Graniteville, Nevada Granty, while we find the filled the life in the foliation of the filled the life in the form of the sow and the filled the life in the form of the sow and the filled the life in the filled the sow and the filled the life in the filled t

# Carrying their Revenge to the Grave.

The most humorous bit of "Boycotting" that I have yet heard of is the case of an undertaker in the county of Down, who has been "Boycotted, every mean in the neighborhood having entered into a seeign season that the result of the first property of the case o